gaze into literally and absolutely the fairyland of the children's story-books.

Imagine a small window in the dome of St. Paul's. Climbing on the outside of that dome, you push your head through and gaze down. That is what you have done on this reef. For it is hollow. Below are enormous caverns, and this fissure is a hole in the roof of one such cavern.

For hundreds of feet the water is shot with light, and you can see—see the unbelievable, the super-natural, the tales of faerie.

Pillars of pink and white and purple alabaster, shot with veins of green and gold and silver, sustain the roof. Far, far down the white sandy floor slopes into the mists of depth. Fantastic castles of coral, battlemented, towered and turreted, lift towards you. Flights of little fish, literally living sapphires or emeralds, dart by. Sapphire or emerald forsooth I—there are flights of little fish

of every imaginable colour and combinations of colour that any artist has ever dreamed. You will see orange fish barred with blue, and black fish barred with silver, and green fish eyed with scarlet, and square fish and tubular fish and flat fish and